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THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS



FRENCH IN A CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCH (FRENCH OFFICIAL)

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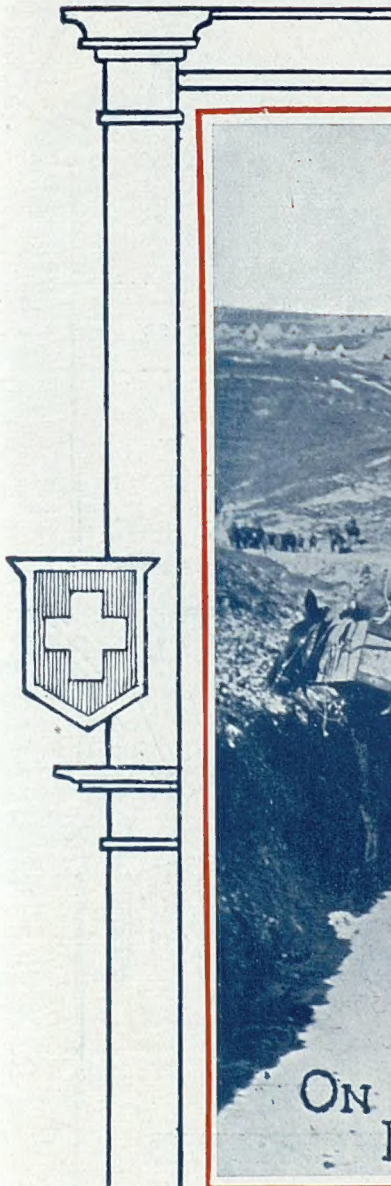
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The Illustrated War News



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AT THE ALLIED EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WAR, AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: HANGING THE BIG PORTRAIT OF ADMIRAL BEATTY.

THE GREAT WAR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

WHY HINDENBURG FIGHTS HARD—THE LEFT FLANK OF THE SUBMARINES—BOTH FLANKS TESTED.

IT is not, perhaps, a new thing to say that the battle going on in the West is the most critical encounter in the war, but certainly each day does bring us a new knowledge of its portentousness, and certainly, as the fighting becomes more desperate, we grow more to realise how this great clash may very well be the most crucial of all battles in the decline and fall of Germany. From the very desperation of the resistance we are beginning to recognise that there is more than Hindenburg in it, and more than his Line. And, indeed, we can perhaps see that there is all of Germany in this fight, and, in truth, something more than Germany—that is, the defeat or survival of ourselves.



THE CAMERA AS A LINK OF UNION—"THE ALLIED WAR PHOTOGRAPHS EXHIBITION" AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THREE NOTABILITIES AT THE OPENING CEREMONY ON MAY 10.

From left to right are seen: Lord Derby; Lt.-Colonel John Buchan, Director of Information; General Sir Francis Lloyd. The Exhibition, which is free, has been contributed to by each of the Allies, and numbers upwards of 1000 photographs. The British section is divided into eight parts: The Western Front, Salonika, Overseas, India, Munition-Making, Naval, and Air. All should visit the show.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

As the battle deepens, we are seeing that it is actually divided into two great actions. One of these, and perhaps it is the lesser, is that concerning the actual strategy and tactics of the fighting area; the other, and larger, is concerned with Empire strategy—the pitting of entire peoples against each other, through the medium of their economic strength as well as their strength in men and staying power. That is, though the German is fighting hard to stave off a collapse in the field (that may come through those flanks of his which were, suddenly and unexpectedly, exposed to crucial danger by the brilliant advances of the British across the Vimy heights and the French over the crests and plateaus running through Craonne to Moronvilliers), though he is fighting to save the situation on the Hindenburg Line, he is also fighting to save the bigger situation that involves the fall or survival of his Empire by also saving the day in France. It may even be found—and found very shortly—that the whole of Germany's future is staked in this battle for the Line.

It is becoming obvious that the Germans are fighting with enormous obstinacy and a regardless expenditure of life, because they feel that a defeat at the present moment will mean more than a loss of territory and prestige. They are flinging away in a seemingly wild gamble what must prove their last great concentration of man-power, and, since the German is not of the type to gamble, it must be assumed that he has a real reason for his present extravagance of reserves that can never be so fully accumulated again. The first observable reason for their habit is, naturally, that they

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ON THE WESTERN FRONT—THE MULE PACK
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That offensive is, as we know, the su
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Lens to Auberive is no more than a battle to hold, or turn (on our part) the flank of the submarine campaign. Take the circumstances of Germany herself first. In man-power she stands not, perhaps, at her greatest strength so much as at the last phase of her greatest strength. She has always kept her huge armies in the field; she has those huge armies now; but the time has come when she will gradually (or rapidly — it depends on the man-killing capacity of the Allies) suffer a diminut
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fear that the British and French will turn the line which they hoped would hold them in security for many months. But that reason gives rise to another. Why should they be so anxious to delay us, and delay us on this particular run of front? The answer to that is twofold. It is likely that they hoped to hold us in order to launch an offensive in the future, or—and what is more than likely—they wish to hold us at bay in order to make the most of an offensive already initiated. That offensive is, as we know, the submarine offensive.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT—THE MULE PACK ARTILLERY AMMUNITION COLUMN FOR SUPPLYING BATTERIES UNDER FIRE: TWO JIBBERS—AN AWKWARD BUT NOT UNCOMMON EXPERIENCE.
Canadian War Records Photograph.

The more we consider the matter the more we seem to see that the battle which is raging from Lens to Auberive is no more than a battle to hold, or turn (on our part) the flank of the submarine campaign. Take the circumstances of Germany herself first. In man-power she stands not, perhaps, at her greatest strength so much as at the last phase of her greatest strength. She has always kept her huge armies in the field; she has those huge armies now; but the time has come when she will gradually (or rapidly—it depends on the man-killing capacity of the Allies) suffer a diminution of those armies. She has drained her Empire pretty thoroughly of men. She has winnowed out all the possibles from the factories as well as from the previously rejected. In this process she has mustered for this third year of war as many men as she has had at any time under arms in the war—even, perhaps, more men. But beyond her present accumulations she has little to draw upon. She has her yearly classes of, roughly, 500,000 men each, but already some of the future classes have appeared in the field—already she has got ahead of her income in this respect. She is then, perhaps, as strong as she was, if not stronger; but she holds that position for the last time. In verity this is her last chance. She must make the most of it if she is to succeed, for, if she fails, inevitably she goes under.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT—A MULE PACK ARTILLERY AMMUNITION COLUMN: LOADING UP FROM AMMUNITION-WAGONS IN REAR TO CARRY SHELLS TO FIELD-GUN BATTERIES UNDER FIRE.—[*Canadian War Records Photograph.*]

Her last chance is no longer in the battlefield. At the best, she cannot hope to attain decisive ends against an Alliance that can balance, and probably exceed, her strength man for man in the firing line; that can outweight her in guns and ammunition; and, at the worst, could sit down and pin her line to trench warfare until America, with her almost inexhaustible strength, joined in the battle against her weakened fronts. Even if, by lucky chance, she gained some big success, in a war that is world-wide that success would be merely local—as her success against Belgium, North France, Russia, Serbia, and Roumania have only proved local—and the Allies would merely wait until their gathering forces were strong enough to strike again. No; success on the battlefield is in practical politics (whatever it is in Berlin aspirations) a hopeless ideal. Something bigger than a victory on the Line is needed. That big victory would be the collapse of the nation

which is, at the present time, the keystone of the Alliance. That nation is, of course, England, and the method of bringing about collapse must be a sea method. Since the German High Seas Fleet is entirely incapable of the task, it is the submarine that must bring victory.

The duty—and, in fact, the determination—of the Germans on land is to fight to help the battle of the submarine. And the way this can be done is, first, by fighting a delaying action—that is, by staving off a defeat that would be shattering to Germany before the submarines won their day; and, secondly, by holding secure the communications of the submarines—in other words, by retaining their bases, the ports along the sea-coast. It is, indeed, obvious that Hindenburg's massive resistance and Haig's implacable attack are extraordinarily concerned with the hold on the coast. Haig's main line of thrust that is entering and shaking the Wotan line from Quéant northward to Fresnoy strikes ahead at Douai. Douai is an important enough nodal point in itself; it is a depôt that holds the life-lines of a great tract of front. To take it would be to uncover the Siegfried line from Cambrai to the Aisne—but, at the same time, to take it would be to uncover Lille. Lille, with its district, is immensely important tactically as well as economically, but strategically it is vital. It is the fulcrum that holds the equity of the whole German front from the Aisne to the Channel in safety. It is the heart of the defence. If it goes, then the front—and particularly the northern front—of Germany must be readjusted, and readjustment can only mean retirement. Such a retirement must relinquish the coast, and with the loss of the coast goes the harbourage of Zeebrugge and the security begot of the naval gun-pits that stand guard over Belgian waters from Holland to the Allied line. To hold off defeat until the submarine has done its work, to keep the coast, and to prevent his own immediate flanks from collapse are the reasons, then, why Hindenburg is using up his irreplaceable reserves in such lavish fashion. He is forced to do this. He must make the most of his last chance, though he must be extremely chagrined by the knowledge that greater ability than his own has forced him to adopt this procedure. For again it must be pointed out that the Germans could have done all they are fighting to do now from the comparative immunity of a carefully prepared line if the Allies had been lax enough to allow them. If the Allies had not disorganised the German retreat in the initial stages, and then threatened it with calamity on the flanks, the enemy could have delayed us (or would have tried to do so) along their new front, which also secured Lille and held tight the sea-coast. Now the whole plan, including the submarine plan, is threatened. There is nothing for it but to fight.



ON THE BRITISH FRONT—"SOMEWHERE" NEAR ARRAS: A CONCRETE-STEEL HINDENBURG LINE FORTIFICATION, NOW IN OUR HANDS.—[*Official Photograph.*]

The consistency of their fighting is stiff enough. Our advance into and beyond Fresnoy has been met with massed concentrations, and the village has changed hands several times in the mêlée. The front, however, still holds rigidly, and the Germans have done nothing to shake the Australians out of their Bullecourt hold. The French, at their flank of the great combined movement, have been giving the Germans any amount of anxiety during the week. They have mastered the heights that hold the road to Laon. By carrying nearly twenty miles of front north of the Aisne, they took the Craonne ridge and Craonne itself, and at length found themselves master of the much-desired Chemin des Dames. The famous Hindenburg Line was thus breached to a distance of two-and-a-half miles, and only by a terrible use of his cherished effectives can Hindenburg hope to check down for the time being our progress.

LONDON: MAY 12, 1917.

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The presence of Tanks with the British forces operating is an instructive fact. It shows the completeness equipment of our armies outside the European wa eight months ago the Tanks made their début on t of the Somme. We may, before long, read of their entry into captured Eastern towns. They were firs

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LONDON: MAY 12, 1917.

On the British Palestine Front: A Terror to Turks.



FOUND AS IRRESISTIBLE BY THE TURKS AS BY THE PRUSSIAN GUARDS: A TANK AT GAZA.

The presence of Tanks with the British forces operating in Palestine is an instructive fact. It shows the completeness of the battle equipment of our armies outside the European war-areas. Just eight months ago the Tanks made their début on the battlefields of the Somme. We may, before long, read of their making their entry into captured Eastern towns. They were first heard of in the Middle East at the battle of Gaza. The Tank shown here took part in the action, and the Turko-German battalions found it as invincible an antagonist as did the Prussian Guards at Courcelette last September, when, as was remarked, "the Kaiser's best scuttled at the sight of them into their dug-outs like rabbits down the holes in a warren."—[*Photo. by Illustrations Bureau.*]

On the Western Front: "Going Through" Prisoners.





SEARCHING PRISONERS FOR WEAPONS OR PAPERS: IN THE TRENCHES AFTER THE FIGHT AT ARLEUX.

As soon as convenient after surrender, German prisoners, before they are sent to the detention enclosures in rear of the battlefield, are carefully searched. The object of the search is for the discovery of weapons retained for purposes of treachery, and also of any official documents, such as recently issued Orders of the Day, or battalion "states," or numerical returns, or the "campaign diaries" most German soldiers carry, which they may have on them. Cases are on record of German prisoners having rifle-grenades in their clothes, and treacherously flinging them after surrender. A German officer hid a bomb in his helmet, and, after surrendering to a British Lieutenant, murdered him by flinging it at him when he turned his back.—[*Canadian War Records Photographs.*]

On the Western





SMALL ARMS AND BIG: A MOBILE RIF

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On the Western Front: With the Canadians.





SMALL ARMS AND BIG: A MOBILE RIFLE-REPAIRING WORKSHOP; A HUMAN SHELL CALIBRE-GAUGE.

The upper illustration shows one of the organised methods for dealing with details on the spot by means of which time and unnecessary labour at the front are saved. It shows one of the mobile workshops (for executing minor repairs to rifles, Lewis guns, and other small arms) which attend the troops in the field, shifting forward from battlefield to battlefield as the fighting-line advances. Similar workshops are established along the front. The lower illustration shows one of the big Canadian howitzers on Vimy Ridge. The calibre of the piece may be judged from the man inside the barrel. Take him at the normal chest-measurement—say 36 inches—of an average-sized man: a third of that should give, approximately, the size of the gun.—[*Canadian War Records Photographs.*]

German Atrocities that Cry to Heaven for Vengeance.





FIENDS' WORK: A CHURCH NOW A STONE HEAP; A DESECRATED AND PLUNDERED FAMILY VAULT.

Indescribably wanton savagery, atrocities for which no palliation through any plea of the necessities of war is possible, have been perpetrated by the enemy as the Germans fell back to the Hindenburg Line, after destroying the orchards on the produce of which the poor country folk depend for their living. Another was the ruthless blowing up of every village church, as though specially to outrage the feelings of a deeply devotional race. Yet another, the most horrible of all, was the ghoulish, fiendish desecration and breaking open of the graves in the cemeteries. The lower illustration shows one case, at Vandelles. The coffins in the family vault seen were hacked open. The ladder used to reach the bottom of the vault is partly seen inside.—[*Official Photographs.*]

The Russian field-





STAFFED ENTIRELY BY RUSSIANS:

Ever since the Manchurian War, the Russians ha attention to field-hospital organisation and Red work. Realising from experience what fighting weapons and implements of destruction meant specialised in Red Cross work. No wounded h fficiently and humanely looked after ever sin

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The Russian Field-Hospital for the Contingent in France.





STAFFED ENTIRELY BY RUSSIANS: WARD TEA-TIME; THE CHIEF SURGEON AND LADY DISPENSER.

Ever since the Manchurian War, the Russians have paid marked attention to field-hospital organisation and Red Cross ambulance work. Realising from experience what fighting with up-to-date weapons and implements of destruction meant, the Russians specialised in Red Cross work. No wounded have been more efficiently and humanely looked after ever since the opening battles of August 1914 than the Russian wounded. The medical service has been as good as our own R.A.M.C. service on the Western Front, particularly in regard to completeness of equipment: no higher praise is possible. We give illustrations of the first Russian hospital with the Russian Contingent in France, controlled and staffed entirely by Russians.—[*French Official Photographs.*]

Explosions and Fires Behind the Germ[illegible]ines near Lens during a



GOOD SHOOTING RESULTS WITH BIG SHELLS: A GERMAN AMMUN[illegible]P IN A VILLAGE BLOWN UP, AND STORE-[illegible]

Speaking of some recent incidents during one of our bombardments in the Arras-Lens region, Mr. Philip Gibbs, in one of his latest letters from the front, mentions how our artillery fire, guided by the reports of reconnoitring airmen, hit and exploded extensive German artillery-dumps at long range, and in rear of the enemy's lines, besides making huge bonfires of German[illegible]ore-houses. "Ammunition-dumps," Mr. Gibbs describes, [illegible]ternal glory of their fire." Again, referring to a big blo[illegible]nes beyond Lens. It spread out in the air like a big

...oind the Germ...ines near Lens during a Bombardment.



...HELLS: A GERMAN AMMUNI...MP IN A VILLAGE BLOWN UP, AND STORE-HOUSES FIRED.

... Mr. Philip Gibbs, in one of his ...ore-houses. "Ammunition-dumps," Mr. Gibbs describes, "were hit by our shells and all the hillsides were red with the ...noitring airmen, hit and exploded ...ternal glory of their fire." Again, referring to a big blow-up, the correspondent says: "A great fire went up in the German ...making huge bonfires of German ...nes beyond Lens. It spread out in the air like a big red rose with flaming petals and stayed for an hour."—[*Official Photo.*]

One of the "Vast Rubbish Heaps once Old Châtea



of France": The Somme



DESTROYED AND BLOWN INTO THE SOMME BY THE GERMANS: WRECKAGE OF CHÂTEAU OF CAULAINCOURT; AND BRITISH SOLDIE

Not content with merely destroying the beautiful Château of Caulaincourt in their retreat, the Germans blew the wreckag into the Somme in order to cause trouble by damming the stream. British troops had to shovel the débris aside to make passage for the water. "Our men," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, "living amidst ruin this side of St. Quentin, have settled dow to this life of open warfare. . . . They whistle music-ha France. . . . By the roadside I saw some English soldiers of earth. It told me that here was the heart of Anne Josephin

Old Châtea

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Germans blew the wreckag
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of France": The Somme Dammed by Wreckage.



CHÂTEAU OF CAULAINCOURT; AND BRITISH SOLDIERS MAKING A PASSAGE FOR THE RIVER.

to this life of open warfare. . . . They whistle music-hall tunes in the vast rubbish-heaps which were once old châteaux of France. . . . By the roadside I saw some English soldiers resting, and close to them was a marble tablet stuck up in a heap of earth. It told me that here was the heart of Anne Josephine Barandier, Marquise de Caulaincourt, who died in 1830."—[*Official Photo.*]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: XLIX.—THE 2ND D.C.L.I.

HOW HOMER SAVED THE REGIMENT.

THIS story is no cunning argument in favour of the retention of the ancient classics, now in some disrepute. For the Homer who is the hero of the tale was not the blind old bard of Chios' rocky isle, but, as *Punch* said (with reference to the Homeric Question), "another man of the same name." His full name was Thomas Homer, and he had this much in common with his great godfather—that his deeds were Homeric, and worthy to be sung by the father of martial poetry.

Thomas Homer began life as a mechanic in Birmingham, where he served his apprenticeship in a small-arms factory. Becoming an expert gunsmith, he in 1826 entered the 46th Regiment, later the South Devon, and now the 2nd Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. To that corps he was at once appointed armourer-sergeant, and proceeded to India, where the regiment had then been stationed for some time. He served there until 1833, when the corps was ordered home.

On March 5, 1833, the 46th, with its headquarters and colours, embarked at Masulipatam, on board the *Robarts*, a freight-ship of about 600 tons, Captain Wake. The full ship's complement was 246 men, 60 women, 60 children, 9 officers, 7 passengers, together with the crew, which was made up of the captain, the mates, 10 Europeans, and 40 Lascars. The rest of the regiment embarked on board the *Red Rover*.



THE CAMARADERIE OF THE TRENCHES: TEA-TIME JUST BEHIND THE BRITISH LINE.—*[Official Photograph.]*

On April 21, the *Robarts* put into Mauritius and found the *Red Rover* already there. Five days later she sailed again, and had a very disagreeable passage to the Cape, meeting nothing but contrary winds all the way. On May 20 land was sighted near the Cape; next day the wind still freshened, and the ship sprung her jibboom. The wind continued to increase, and on the night of the 24th it was blowing a gale. The *Robarts* therefore lay to, in hope that the wind would moderate. But all day on the 25th things got worse, if anything. A big sea was shipped in a cuddy-port at dinner-time, and the soup was spoiled. This might have passed as an ordinary

[Continued overleaf.



THE WINDING ROAD TO THE FRONT: BRITISH FIELD-KITCHENS, AND MEN TAKING A WAYSIDE REST.

Official Photograph.

Our Cavalry on





MOVING UP: IN A WRECKED VILLAGE;

The upper illustration shows British cavalrymen on the edg battlefield, moving up in file through the ruins of a de village. Other matters apart, shrapnel-bursts and so on, through such places needs cautious riding lest treading on glass litter, or on nails sticking up through a fragment of pl or splinters, should lame horses. Incidentally, to the left

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SIDE REST.

Our Cavalry on the Edge of a Battlefield.





MOVING UP: IN A WRECKED VILLAGE; HORSES STABLED IN A GERMAN COMMUNICATION-TRENCH.

The upper illustration shows British cavalrymen on the edge of a battlefield, moving up in file through the ruins of a destroyed village. Other matters apart, shrapnel-bursts and so on, passing through such places needs cautious riding lest treading on broken-glass litter, or on nails sticking up through a fragment of planking, or splinters, should lame horses. Incidentally, to the left will be observed the felled fruit-trees of an orchard, barbarously cut down by the enemy while holding the village on the eve of the bombardment. The timber tree fallen to the right was probably felled to fall across the village street and hold up our advance. The lower illustration shows how the cavalry turn captured German communication-trenches to account.—[*Official Photographs.*]

accident of seafaring, but the outlook generally was not happy.

The vessel was close-reefed, with hardly a stitch of canvas showing, and so she held on till about eight o'clock in the evening, at which time she was on the edge of L'Agulhas Bank, lat. 37 south, and long. 22 west. The seas were now terrific, and one huge wave struck the vessel on the quarter. The *Robarts* shipped the sea almost right forward, and, as the lashed tiller could get no play, it snapped off close to the rudder-head.



"SANDBAG AVENUE," SOMEWHERE ON THE BRITISH FRONT: A CHEERFUL GROUP OUTSIDE THEIR TRENCH "VILLAS."
Official Photograph.

The ship was now almost unmanageable, but the crew did what they could to steer her by means of such sails as they dared to carry. The imminent danger was that the vessel at any moment might broach to. Had she done so, it would have been the end of that adventure. But fate had determined to be kinder to the 46th Headquarters. Nevertheless, the plight of all on board was now sufficiently uncomfortable and alarming. In the darkness, after the sea struck, the Major and the passengers in the after cabins had to make a wet and miserable removal to other accommodation, as water was continually being shipped, and, further, an attempt was about to be made to repair the steering-gear. It was proposed to cut a hole through the rudder-head, and steer the ship with capstan-bars. This work was most hazardous, for the rudder-head was never steady, and its movements became even more erratic through the breaking away of the pintles.

All through the night of the 26th the struggle went on, amid a still increasing storm; but the crew contrived to rig the capstan-bars in the rudder-head, and carried tackle forward to steer with. So far, so good. But the rudder with its broken pintles was still a difficulty and a danger. It was now proposed to secure the rudder outside by rigging chains from it to each side of the ship. This meant that someone would have to go over the side and face the seas without any protection at all. It meant, perhaps, being carried away at once, or a deadly blow from the swinging rudder. No sailor could be found to volunteer for the work.

Then stood forth Thomas Homer, armourer-sergeant to the 46th. He was willing to risk it—to do the job, or die in the attempt. He was accordingly lowered over the stern, taking with him the ends of a couple of heavy chains, which he had to make fast to ring-bolts in the rudder. This he had to accomplish first at one side of the rudder, then at the other. As he hung he was fiercely buffeted by the giant seas, and at every roll of the vessel he was wholly immersed. He was in instant danger, too, of being crushed against the ship's sides. How he lived—how he ever, amid all that welter, contrived to use his tools—is a miracle; but, having a giant strength and marvellous skill, he prevailed, and, to the relief and thankfulness of all his shipmates, they saw him come on board again—pretty well dead-beat, it is true, but victorious. The vessel got into Cape Town on June 7.



DANGEROUS WORK: OBSERVATION OFFICERS LOOKING OUT OVER NO MAN'S LAND ON THE BRITISH FRONT.
Official Photograph.

Homer had neither recognition nor reward. He remained in the regiment until 1846, when he lost his life while exploring St. Michael's Cave, Gibraltar.

After the Destroyers' C



A PIPE AFTER BREAKFAST BEFORE THE

A British bluejacket, one of the ship's company on board the two famous destroyers "Swift" and "Broke," of the 1 a.m. battle fame, is shown here by a French artist ta after-breakfast "stand-easy" spell off on the morning battle as the two destroyers reached their base. On b ships of the Royal Navy a few minutes for smoking and "

After the Destroyers' Channel Fight: The Pipe of Peace.



A PIPE AFTER BREAKFAST BEFORE THE BOATSWAIN'S "PIPE" "CLEAR WRECK": WELL-WON REST.

A British bluejacket, one of the ship's company on board one of the two famous destroyers "Swift" and "Broke," of the Channel 1 a.m. battle fame, is shown here by a French artist taking his after-breakfast "stand-easy" spell off on the morning of the battle as the two destroyers reached their base. On board all ships of the Royal Navy a few minutes for smoking and "taking it easy" are allowed every morning after breakfast, usually before "Divisions" muster and prayers, and the duties of the day begin. As the artist shows, traces of the damage received in action are apparent close to the bulwark rail, on which the sailor is seated, broken steel-plating and deck gear, and a hole through the deck.—[*Drawn by J. Simont.*]

The Queen Among our Naval Heroes.



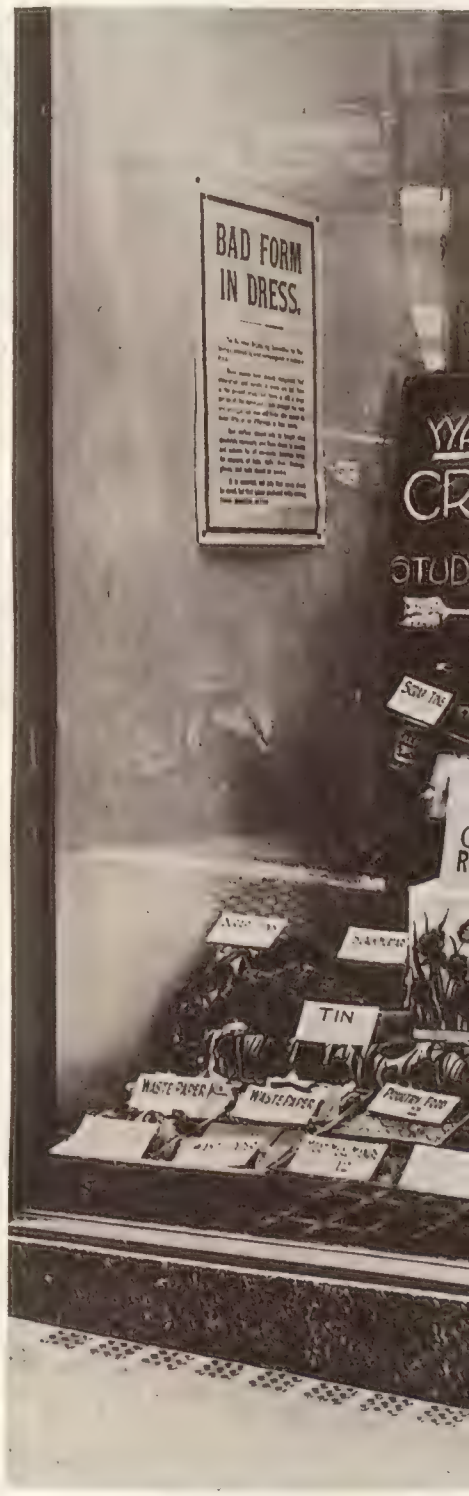




QUEEN MARY AT PORTSMOUTH: HER MAJESTY DISTRIBUTES DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDALS.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Mary, visited Haslar Naval Hospital at Portsmouth on May 9, visiting several of the wards and presenting Distinguished Service Medals to inmates to whom they had been awarded in recognition of their brave deeds. Our first photograph shows her Majesty presenting the medal to L.S. Duncan; in No. 2, the Queen is seen pinning the medal on the breast of Lce-Corpl. R. D. Hale; and in No. 3 her Majesty is shown decorating Sergt. F. W. Hemmings, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, with the medal, for service in the Cameroons. Queen Mary made a tour of various wards, and displayed her customary keen interest in the details of the work which is done at the Haslar Hospital.—[*Photos. by C.N.*]

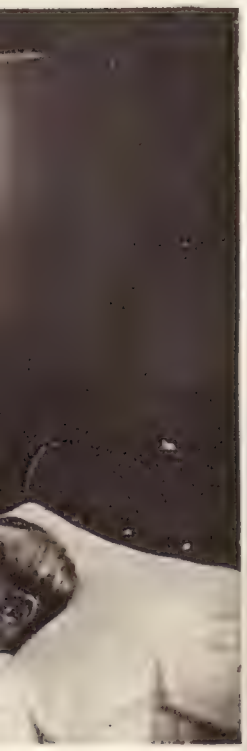
War-Economy:



HOW BIRMINGHAM IS PREVENTING WA

Birmingham is nothing if not practical, and our photo
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intelligence as well as to the patriotism of those wh
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SERVICE MEDALS.

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War-Economy: Birmingham Points the Way.



HOW BIRMINGHAM IS PREVENTING WASTE: "WHAT THE EYE SEES"—A PRACTICAL OBJECT-LESSON.

Birmingham is nothing if not practical, and our photograph shows a very direct, unmistakable and comprehensive appeal to the intelligence as well as to the patriotism of those who see it. It is displayed at the War Economy centre of the Citizens' Committee in that great home of industry, where so many forms of war-work are being carried out with indefatigable industry and patriotic zeal.

The appeal to housewives and all good citizens should prove irresistible. The effect of the appeal should be all the more immediate as it has been pointed out so clearly that the success of the effort to avoid serious shortage of food-supplies depends almost entirely upon the loyalty with which the public respond to the appeals made, and so avoid the necessity of compulsion.

The Last Chance on Board a Sinking Merchan

ervice Steamer Torpedoed





GETTING DOWN BY ROPES FROM THE STERN TO DROP INTO

A practically forlorn-hope attempt at escaping is shown here on board a steamer just torpedoed by a U-boat pirate and sinking by the head. The men's boat probably has, as on similar occasions too often happens, met with mishap in lowering, through falls, or lowering ropes, jamming. Their chance depends on the engines having been stopped. Otherwise there is every risk

VATER AND SWIM FOR THE BOAT: A FORLORN-HO

of the ropes let down at the stern entangling in the re pieces as the propellers continue revolving. That disaster many thus met a fearful fate. Men clambering down t

ing Merchan Service Steamer Torpedoed by a U-Boat.



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U-boat pirate and sinking
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VATER AND SWIM FOR THE BOAT: A FORLORN-HOPE ATTEMPT.

of the ropes let down at the stern entangling in the revolving propellers, with the terrible fate for the men of being cut to pieces as the propellers continue revolving. That disaster took place at the sinking of the battle-ship "Victoria" in 1893, and many thus met a fearful fate. Men clambering down to let themselves drop into the water are seen.—[*Photo. by Illus. Bureau.*]

One of the Big Guns on the Canadian front Having its Morning T





CLEANLINESS IN GUN AND GEAR, INSIDE AND OUT, A VITAL NECESSITY FOR ARTILLERY: ONE OF OUR HARD-HITTERS BEING KEPT

Absolute cleanliness in every part, internal and external, is of the first importance with artillery. A gun's *toilette*, as the French put it, is as elaborate a process as that of a débutante going to her first Court at Buckingham Palace. Every speck of dust or smoke-grit inside the barrel must go, and the grooves of the rifling be cleansed and oiled. Constant sponging

takes place in action, as the momentary jamming of a projectile may injure the rifling spirals. The screw threads of the breech-block ne cylinders and other mechanism is similarly minutely dusted and rubbed,

Canadian front Having its Morning Toilet.



FOR ARTILLERY: ONE OF OUR HARD-HITTERS BEING KEPT FIT.

takes place in action, as the momentary jamming of a projectile may fracture the chase of the gun by bursting; or, at least, injure the rifling spirals. The screw threads of the breech-block need equal care. Externally, every detail of the recoil-cylinders and other mechanism is similarly minutely dusted and rubbed, as a vital matter.—[*Canadian War Records Photograph.*]

Close Behind the Battle Line in the West.





INCIDENTS: MEN RESTING JUST BEHIND THE LINE; AN OFFICERS' MESS IN A RESERVE TRENCH.

The improved weather and day-time warmth of the first week of May greatly ameliorated the conditions of life for the men at the front, alike those on the battlefield and those in the trenches on portions of the newly won ground. As the upper illustration shows, many of those not otherwise occupied and off duty are able now and then to retire to a spot behind the lines where they can take life more easily for a time, and sit about enjoying the sunshine and spring weather. In the lower illustration is shown a group of regimental officers after mess under battlefield conditions. They have finished their meal in a reserve trench, and are smoking and chatting or writing letters while every moment expecting the order to "move up."—[*Official Photographs.*]

On the Edge of a Sc





BATTALION DEPARTMENTS: AN AID-POST AMID

These two photographs graphically illustrate how normal regimental routine details have to be managed where fighting is going on, and within a very short distance of the actual firing-line. In the upper illustration is shown a battalion surgeon's aid-post, duly marked out with its notice-board and red cross, on the fringe of a battle, with surgery attendants and men to "see the doctor" for

On the Edge of a Scarpe Valley Battlefield.





BATTALION DEPARTMENTS: AN AID-POST AMIDST GERMAN DÉBRIS; THE ORDERLY ROOM.

These two photographs graphically illustrate how normal regimental routine details have to be managed where fighting is going on, and within a very short distance of the actual firing-line. In the upper illustration is shown a battalion surgeon's aid-post, duly marked out with its notice-board and red cross, on the fringe of a battle, with surgery attendants and men to "see the doctor" for light wounds requiring dressing and bandaging. It is established amid the wreckage of a German dug-out. The lower illustration shows a battalion orderly-room, where the commanding officer sees defaulters and hears applications, and soldier-clerks attend to the daily correspondence. The *locale* is a shell-crater. — [*Official Photographs.*]

FOOTNOTES TO ARMAGEDDON: XL.—THE PRIZE.

WILLIAM and Jim joined up because Betty agreed with the *Daily Hail*, inasmuch as she "thought they ought to go." William and Jim would have valued some considerable time for reflection, but it was Betty or the pit of Abaddon—or, if you like, khaki or the Outer Darkness—and William and Jim reached the Recruiting Table of the Toughs dead-heat.

From that moment life was a contest of enormous strenuosity, in which William tried to go one better than Jim, and Jim tried to shoot ahead of William, all for the sake of Betty. Betty was out for the bravest and best man in the world. Betty had stated that only big things would win her. Betty had hinted that she would offer herself as prize to the victor. William knew he had been a victor since birth. Jim guessed that what he didn't know about victoring could be put into a monkey-nut shell. They began to force the pace to get ahead of each other.



BATTLEFIELD HORSEMANSHIP: A BRITISH CAVALRY OFFICER NEGOTIATING A MINE-CRATER SLOPE ON A BLOWN-UP HILLSIDE ROAD.—[*Official Photograph.*]

Jim scored first blood. When Jim got his stripe William realised that luck could put a hearty man at extreme disadvantage. Betty, he found, had a clinging affection for a striped arm. He began to dream of banns being read out, and to consider his own suicide—he thought it would be best to do a suicide on the church steps. So much more dramatic than confetti or an old shoe.

But he was a sticker. Jim soon found that out. All at once William was in a bombing school, and there was an aching void on the arm where Betty had been wont to cling. It was Jim's turn for gloom. He saw at once how mere fashion, how the latest craze, turned the heads of even the nicest girls. What was mere worth with a stripe on its arm, after all?

William followed this advantage up rather cleverly by raising himself to full corporal. This was a desperate blow for Jim. Betty said very distinctly that she only had time for men who did the biggest things. She declined a suggestion of Cinema with Jim. Jim's gloom became bitter. He guessed it was all up with him. He contemplated the Road to Ruin, and seriously thought of taking to drink as the only anodyne. In the midst of his melancholy he performed wonders with his work, and quite suddenly two stripes were blossoming on his arm and a shooting "proficiency" was his. He met William on the level, and stared him eye to eye.

Betty took to hanging between two arms at this critical juncture. The judgment of Helen is much more guarded than the judgment of Paris. Betty became baffling. She treated them both alike. She admired them both—but she was still the prize for the man who did the biggest things.



THE WAY THE NEEDS OF OUR FIGHTING-LINE MEN ON THE WESTERN FRONT ARE LOOKED AFTER: A DRINKING-WATER SUPPLY CART ON ITS TRENCH ROUND.—[*Official Photograph.*]

William thought of waylaying his sergeant, dealing with him so that he would have to go to hospital, and thus stepping into the vacated rank. That would give him first place with Betty. He hesitated—first, because he doubted the vulnerability of sergeants; and second, because he rather liked the sergeant. Jim thought of putting something lethal in his sergeant's beer for the same great cause; but he could never bring himself to spoil good drink. So both went on being treated level by Betty.

[Continued overleaf.

British, French, and Indians





DURING THE BRITISH ADVANCE: FRENCH AND BRITISH S

That the French and British troops are on excellent terms with each other may be gathered from the upper of these two photographs, in which a party of Frenchmen is seen in the middle resting among a number of their British comrades who are helping France to regain her polluted territory. The men of the two armies can, of course, be distinguished by their uniforms and the shape of their helmets.

British, French, and Indians on the British Front.





DURING THE BRITISH ADVANCE: FRENCH AND BRITISH SOLDIERS RESTING; INDIAN OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'S.

That the French and British troops are on excellent terms with each other may be gathered from the upper of these two photographs, in which a party of Frenchmen is seen in the middle resting among a number of their British comrades who are helping France to regain her polluted territory. The men of the two armies can, of course, be distinguished by their uniforms and the shape of their helmets. The French uniforms are of a lighter shade, and the helmets have a ridge across the top from back to front, while the British helmet is smooth, rounder, and flatter, with a wider brim. In the lower photograph are seen some Indian officers and non-commissioned officers of the force in France—handsome, bronzed men of dignified bearing and fine physique.—[*Official Photographs.*]

And Betty went on hinting that she would only marry a really notable man.

They went to the front like that. Betty was still the same. She still urged each to exceed each. And each vowed by all that is ardent in love that Betty should marry the notable fellow, which was him.

But the dead-level business dogged their footsteps. Neither became a greater man than the other. Jim captured a German Lieutenant and sent his helmet home to Betty. Betty cooed to him in her letters. William rounded up a machine-gun detachment, and sent all the helmets home. Cooing off with Jim, on with William. William got a slight scratch — nothing that took him home; but it could be seen, from the letters he read out to Jim, that the wedding was settled all save the date. Jim exerted himself, carried a number of messages under fire, and his pals wrote home to the district and Betty heard the news. William's visions of marriage changed to dreams of hearses. Jim's star was in the ascendant. William bombed a German sap . . . . dead level again. Betty fond of them both. But Betty determined that she would marry no ordinary fellow.

It began to get monotonous. When the Grand Push came, each was determined to win "all-out" this time or go under. William went up with the bombers first—an unfair advantage—and he did wonders. You will find his name mentioned with emphasis in the despatches of that day's work for the valours he performed. Jim came up with the attack. At first he was lost in the ruck; but soon Betty and his ardour pushed him forward. With a handful of men, he worked his way up to a forward position which the bombers had won. With that handful he held on to that position when he should have cut and run by all the rules of Germany. A great piece of work.



ON THE SCARPE FRONT — AN ENEMY OBSTACLE TURNED BY THE BRITISH TO USEFUL SERVICE: A GERMAN INUNDATION-AREA MADE A CAVALRY WATERING-PLACE.—[*Official Photograph.*]

He was outed in the last ten glorious minutes. But his work was done. Before he became unconscious he saw that William was near him, badly wounded. William gave a sickly grin as their eyes met, and he fainted too.

They went down in the same ambulance, and went on to the coast in adjoining beds of the hospital train. They were level all the time. They were next each other when, finally, they landed in hospital. At first both were rather happy. William knew that no man could be more notable than himself. Jim was quite certain that he was the biggest man Betty was likely to know. One day he was able to say to William, with accents of finality, "They 've given me the M.C." William was in Hades for a day, but then he was able to say to Jim, "They 've given me the M.C. too."

They both laughed. They wondered how Betty would see things. Two days after, they were laughing afresh. Both had letters. "Has she told you the news?" Jim asked. "Yes," said William. "Funny, ain't it?"

Betty, who would marry only the notable, had settled the matter. Two weeks before, she had settled it. She had married a greengrocer.

W. Douglas Newton.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A RISK THAT CYCLIST ORDERLIES ARE OFTEN EXPOSED TO: A PAIR SURPRISED BY A SHELL BURSTING NEAR BY, WHILE REPAIRING TYRES.—[*Official Photograph.*]

On the Balkan Front and



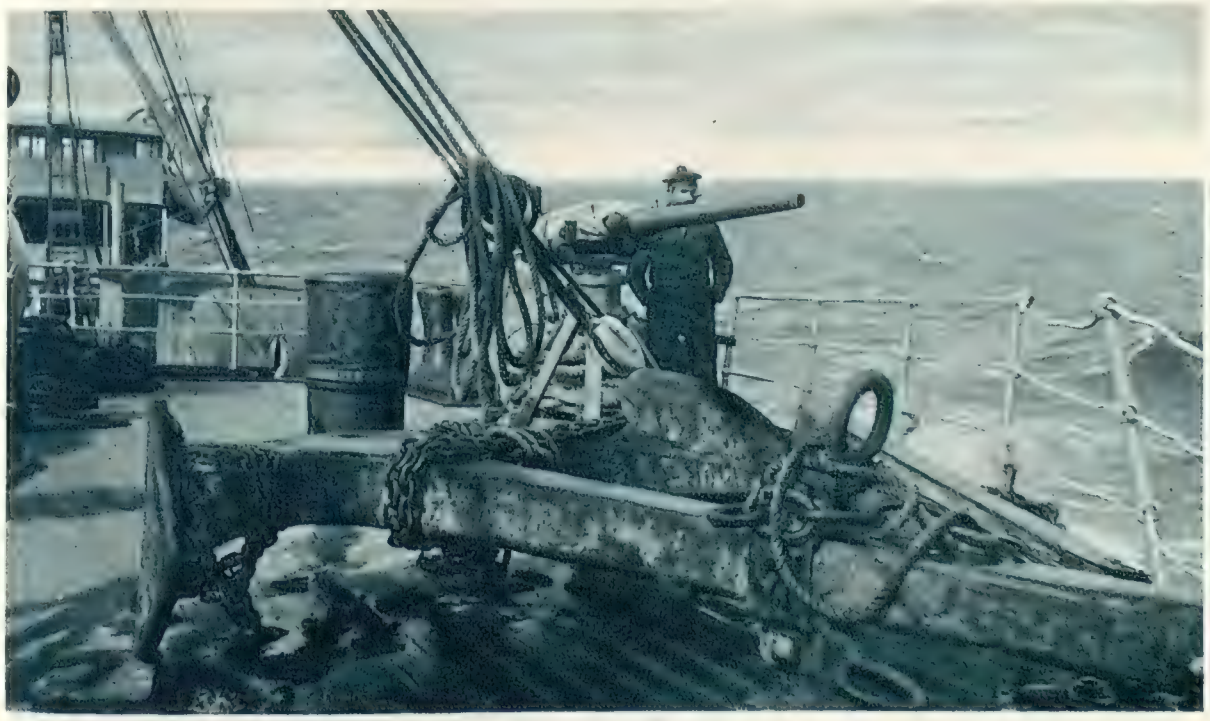


LAND-AND-SEA SNAPSHOTS: INDIAN SEPOYS AT A

The upper photograph shows men of an Indian contingent in a camp of "L'Armée de l'Orient," as the French officially term what we describe as the "Salonika Army." Both are misnomers. We have three armies in the East—the Balkan force, with General Sarrail's army; the Egypt Army; and the Mesopotamia Army; while as to the second term, as Mr. Ward Price pointed out,

On the Balkan Front and Eastern Mediterranean.





LAND-AND-SEA SNAPSHOTS: INDIAN SEPOYS AT A CAMP; A MERCHANTMAN'S U-BOAT LOOK-OUT.

The upper photograph shows men of an Indian contingent in a camp of "L'Armée de l'Orient," as the French officially term what we describe as the "Salonika Army." Both are misnomers. We have three armies in the East—the Balkan force, with General Sarrail's army; the Egypt Army; and the Mesopotamia Army; while as to the second term, as Mr. Ward Price pointed out, "the greatest part of the men have never seen Salonika except to land there, and pass straight through the town on the way to the front, forty miles up the country." There it is "spread along a ninety-mile front." The second photograph shows a French merchantman in the Mediterranean; the sentry beside the port forecastle gun watching for a U-boat's periscope to emerge.

With the Belgian Army: The Carrier-Pigeon Service.





A MOBILE PIGEON-VAN: OUTSIDE DETAILS OF THE VAN; INSIDE—THE KEEPER AND PET BIRDS.

Carrier-pigeon flying has always been a Belgian national pastime. Long before August 1914, the pigeon establishment attached to the Belgian Army was one of the outstanding features in completeness of the Belgian general service organisation. King Albert's "New Army" keeps up the messenger-pigeon department as a special branch of the service, and has brought it to high state of efficiency. The birds are of selected breeds, and are thoroughly trained; while the field-service equipment of the mobile pigeon-vans is a model on similar lines to that adopted by the French. The upper illustration shows the exterior of a light pigeon-van, strongly built to move over rough roads. The lower illustration shows a soldier in charge inside the van petting his birds.—[*Belgian Official Photos.*]

On the Western Front: T





SHAMS AND OTHERWISE: GERMAN DUMMIES; SHELL

The upper illustration shows sham field-guns in one of the German batteries of dummy artillery pieces, which the Canadians on storming Vimy Ridge found in position in certain trenches at places along the crest. The enemy's idea was obviously by that means to draw the fire of our artillery and make it expend itself harmlessly, and also, if possible, to intimidate, or hold in check,

On the Western Front: With the Canadians.





SHAMS AND OTHERWISE: GERMAN DUMMIES; SHELLS FOR FORCING THE "HINDENBURG LINE."

The upper illustration shows sham field-guns in one of the German batteries of dummy artillery pieces, which the Canadians on storming Vimy Ridge found in position in certain trenches at places along the crest. The enemy's idea was obviously by that means to draw the fire of our artillery and make it expend itself harmlessly, and also, if possible, to intimidate, or hold in check, would-be assailants in that quarter. By means of these dummies our airmen also were to be misled and their reports rendered useless. The clumsy make-up of the "guns" with their crooked-bough barrels deceived nobody. The lower illustration shows one size of projectile used for battering-in the "Hindenburg Line."—[*Canadian War Records Photographs.*]

With the British Mesopotamia Army.





BASRA WIRELESS STATION: TRAFFIC OUTSIDE THE COMPOUND; OFFICE-HUTS AND TENTS INSIDE.

Via the wireless telegraphic station at Basra, where the base of the British Mesopotamia Army has been established, our troops at the extreme front beyond Baghdad keep touch with G.H.Q. at Simla, and in London. Basra, it will be remembered, was the first strategically important point captured in Mesopotamia. It has been, so to speak, our "jumping-off" place for the "Middle East" quarter of the war-area. Its geographical situation makes Basra an eminently suitable wireless centre. The upper illustration shows every-day road traffic passing the compound within which are the station tents and buildings. The lower part of the aerials, which far overtop the surrounding palm trees, are visible. The second illustration shows office-huts and tents inside the compound.

With the British M





AT BASRA BASE: PUTTING TOGETHER A STOKES TREN

Basra, in Lower Mesopotamia, is sixty miles up the Shatt-el-Arab (which is formed by the confluence of the Tigris and the Euphrates), and the highest point reached by ocean-going vessels. It is a base for the British Mesopotamia Army. At Basra is the principal depôt-camp, where newly arrived reinforcements are concentrated and put into campaigning form, as at a camp of exercise. Our

With the British Mesopotamia Army.





AT BASRA BASE: PUTTING TOGETHER A STOKES TRENCH-GUN FOR PRACTICE; FIRING THE "STOKES."

Basra, in Lower Mesopotamia, is sixty miles up the Shatt-el-Arab (which is formed by the confluence of the Tigris and the Euphrates), and the highest point reached by ocean-going vessels. It is a base for the British Mesopotamia Army. At Basra is the principal depôt-camp, where newly arrived reinforcements are concentrated and put into campaigning form, as at a camp of exercise. Our photographs show training incidents in the trenches at Basra, which were dug originally when the Turkish Army was in the neighbourhood. In the upper photograph men are putting together a Stokes trench-gun, or mortar, for practice. The gun shoots out showers of bombs at each round. Practice with a "Stokes" in a trench is seen taking place in the lower illustration.

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

WOMEN have responded well to the call for their services on the land, and already several thousand have enrolled in response to the call issued by the Women's Department of National Service. But there still remain a large number who, though prevented by home ties or other duties from devoting the whole of their time to work of this description, are ready and anxious to "do their bit"—and a very useful "bit"—as land workers. A certain amount of training is, of course, essential for all those, except the already experienced, who desire to engage in land work; and, with the special object of providing useful, short, war-time courses of instruction in agricultural subjects for women who wish to work on the land, but are unable to fulfil all the conditions of National Service, two training centres have lately been opened by the Committee of the Women's Legion, the organisation which, under the guidance of the Marchioness of Londonderry, has already provided numbers of trained and efficient women for the service of the State.



WOMEN ON THE LAND: PLANTING POTATOES AT BECKENHAM.

Our photograph shows a scene on Mrs. Hills' farm at Beckenham, where, in the absence of her husband on service, she, with the help of another woman-worker and a man of advanced years, cultivates some thirty-nine acres of land. Our photograph shows the man covering seed potatoes with the plough.—[*Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.*]



WOMEN ON THE LAND: A SCENE AT BECKENHAM.

With the aid of one man, past military age, and, at the moment when this photograph was taken, that, also, of a soldier who was helping them temporarily, Mrs. Hills and another woman-worker, whose husband, like that of Mrs. Hills, is on service, work thirty-nine acres of land at Beckenham with success. Our photograph shows them putting in seed potatoes.—[*Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.*]

. . .

One centre is at Draughton, Northamptonshire, and the other at the Cottesmore Hunt Kennels, Oakham, Rutland, which the Cottesmore Hunt Committee have lent for the purpose. Though the students are not training as whole-time workers, the course is thorough and comprehensive, so that anyone who engages an ex-pupil of the Women's Legion "school" can be certain of getting a worker who knows her job. At Draughton, where ten students can be received, the curriculum includes instruction in general farm work, dairy routine, and milking on the neighbouring farms, as well as tuition in the management of the Women's Legion motor-tractors and ploughs. The work, too, is carried on under the pleasantest possible conditions, for students live in a charmingly furnished hostel, where a comfortable sitting-room and dining-room, as well as bed-rooms, are provided for their use. It is interesting, too, to know that a resident matron is in charge, and that £1 a week covers the charges for board, lodging, and training. Similarly, at Cottesmore, cottages attached to the Hunt Kennel premises have been converted into "pensions" for the land workers. There is room for eleven students; a matron is in charge, as at Draughton, and the fees and training are exactly the same. A special cottage is used as a depot where volunteers can stay between periods of employment, and five workers at a time can be accommodated in this way. Apart from its special arrangements for these

[Continued overleaf.

The Dutch Medical Mi



THE WORK OF BENEFICENCE KNOWS NO FRONTIER

While the position of a neutral country precludes it from showing political or national bias, it remains open to it to render sympathetic service in any country into which the war has brought its inevitable train of sick and wounded. For this reason, Holland has instituted a Medical Mission to Monastir, which, with its population of fifty thousand or more, its spacious barracks, and other

The Dutch Medical Mission to Monastir.



THE WORK OF BENEFICENCE KNOWS NO FRONTIERS: A NEUTRAL COUNTRY HELPS THE WOUNDED.

While the position of a neutral country precludes it from showing political or national bias, it remains open to it to render sympathetic service in any country into which the war has brought its inevitable train of sick and wounded. For this reason, Holland has instituted a Medical Mission to Monastir, which, with its population of fifty thousand or more, its spacious barracks, and other institutions, means a large field for benevolent effort, and necessity of outside help has been brought about by war. Our photograph shows a group of women and men members of the Mission. They are clad in both military and workmanlike fashion, with the steel helmets of active service, and the white overalls which represent the medical worker.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

workers, the "Legion," acting in concert with the Board of Agriculture, has provided the Rutland Women's War Agricultural Committee with accommodation for seventeen National Service volunteers in buildings that adjoin the Cottesmore Kennels. Women wishing to undergo the short course of agricultural training offered by the Women's Legion should apply to Mrs. Alan Bellingham, Agricultural Section, Women's Legion, 115, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

. . .

For sheer useful work it would be difficult to beat the record of the Women's Defence Relief Corps. Founded by Mrs. Dawson Scott, the novelist, in September 1914, its object, as its name implies, was to provide substitutes to undertake the work of men during the absence of the latter on military service. In order to do this the more efficiently, the members learnt motor-driving, signalling, first aid, and other subjects, and it was not long before companies of the Corps were working under the direction of local Mayors in Manchester, Bolton, Stockport, and other Northern towns, as well as in Bexhill, Bristol, and St. Albans, helping in hospitals, or at war depots, or at war meetings, as well as stimulating recruiting by every means in their power.

. . .

Shortly after the formation of the Corps, the organisers, foreseeing the shortage of land labour, concentrated attention on the matter, and set to work providing training for its members in order to fit them for employment as casual farm-hands. It was a modest beginning, and the first subject studied—haymaking—was undertaken in a stable-yard in Brompton. As the reputation of the workers spread and the land problem became more acute, the Corps became increasingly busy, and parties whose personnel varied from two to fifty were sent to different parts of the country as harvest workers and hop-pickers. By the end of last year 500 Corps members were working on the land, whilst others were engaged in various Government departments, for the Corps endeavours to utilise to the best advantage the services of all those anxious to help. The Board of Agriculture have expressed their appreciation of the work done by the organisation, whose latest war effort, "The Diggers' Club," was mentioned last week.



TWENTIETH-CENTURY AMAZONS: MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY CORPS.

Our photograph shows some of the patriotic women of to-day who are helping their country, not with shield and buckler, but by joining members of the Women's Auxiliary Corps, who are already rendering valuable help in France, in various fields of work. They have been drilled, taught discipline, and equipped with a kit as becoming as it is serviceable.—[*Photograph by L.N.A.*]

. . .

Meantime, the work of the Corps goes steadily forward, and girls are working in Kent, Worcester, Middlesex, and Norfolk. Those whose health or occupation does not permit their working as "whole-timers" are especially catered for. Already parties of casual labourers for the fruit, hay, and corn harvest have been formed, and volunteers include such workers as nurses, school-mistresses, servants, and shop-assistants, and others only able to undertake agricultural work for a few weeks at a time. Anyone who would care to know further details should write to the Organising Secretary, Women's Defence Relief Corps, "Studio," 10, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, London, N.W. 8. CLAUDINE CLEVE.



TWENTIETH-CENTURY AMAZONS: MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY CORPS.

The cheerful and workmanlike girls seen in our photograph are members of the Women's Auxiliary Corps, clad in their well-designed uniform, taking final instructions before crossing to join the Women's Auxiliary Corps, which is doing such useful work in the war

Photograph by L.N.A

THE GRE

By W. DOUGL

A BETTER SITUATION IN RUSSIA—THE F

THE general news of the week is political and economic rather than military, and it is rather vague at that. The news that concerns the political situation in Russia is, to British minds, the most complex. It seems a fact that the enemy is making an attempt to introduce the subject of peace measures to, what it considers, the pacifically tending and as yet not fully definitive Provisional Government of Russia. The Social Democrats of both sides have been urged to meet, and we have seen a list of terms suggested by the German power behind the German Social Democrats. At the same time, we have had several very definite statements from Russian statesmen,



FROM THE BALKAN FRONT—SALONIKA
WAR-VESSELS AT ANCHOR: BIRD'S-EYE



WOUNDED TURKISH PRISONERS FROM BAGHD
WAITING TO BE DISTRIBU

The Turks seen have been classified according to their injuries,

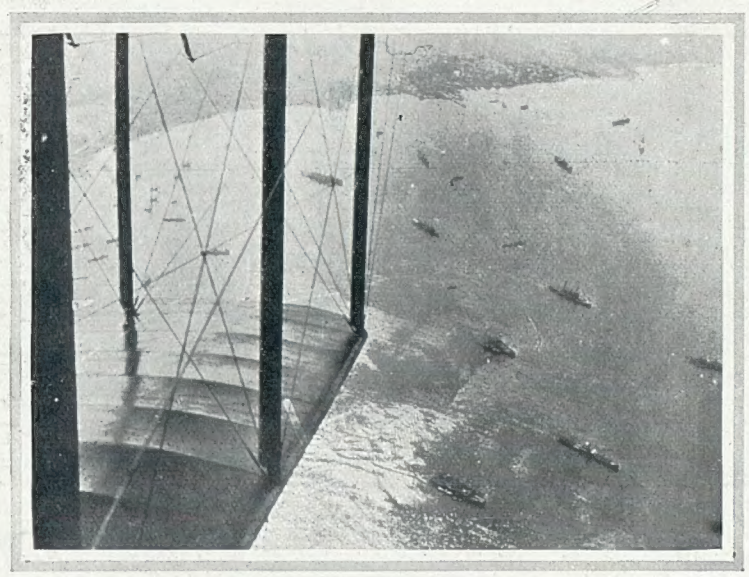
THE GREAT WAR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

A BETTER SITUATION IN RUSSIA—THE FOOD QUESTION—VENEZELISTS FIGHTING.

THE general news of the week is political and economic rather than military, and it is rather vague at that. The news that concerns the political situation in Russia is, to British minds, the most complex. It seems a fact that the enemy is making an attempt to introduce the subject of peace measures to, what it considers, the pacifically tending and as yet not fully definitive Provisional Government of Russia. The Social Democrats of both sides have been urged to meet, and we have seen a list of terms suggested by the German power behind the German Social Democrats. At the same time, we have had several very definite statements from Russian statesmen, and we have news that the Provisional Government and the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates have come to a practical compromise; thus our Eastern Ally has made her position, by this declaration, more settled. It is, of course, necessary when considering the internal condition of Russia to bear fully in mind the huge social upheaval she has undergone, and to understand that much that seems indefinite is the result of all the cross-currents set loose by the Revolution, which may, and probably will, settle down to broader and more sure outlines in time. One is convinced that, since the revolution in Russia is so emphatically a democratic affair, Russia must, in the end, take the line

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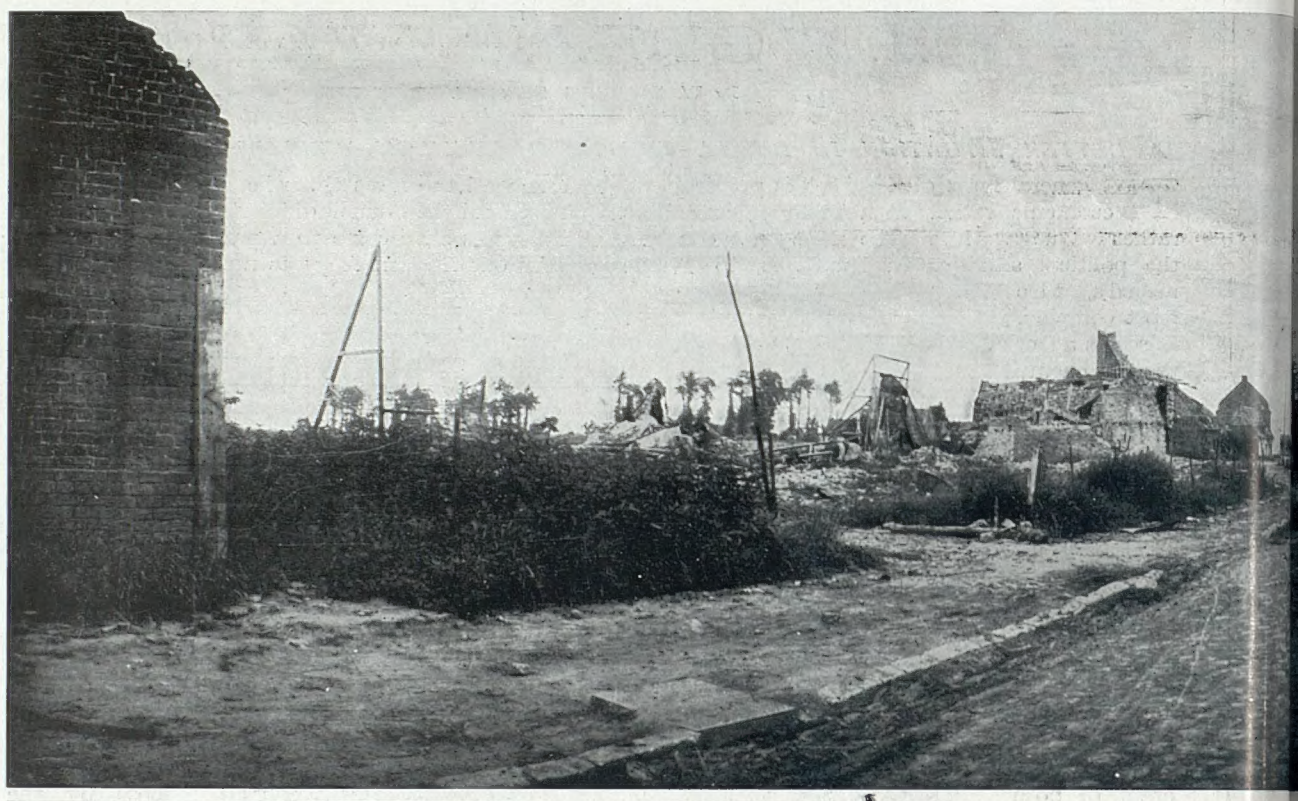
FROM THE BALKAN FRONT—SALONIKA BAY AND HARBOUR, WITH ALLIED WAR-VESSELS AT ANCHOR: BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM A BRITISH AEROPLANE.



WOUNDED TURKISH PRISONERS FROM BAGHDAD, AFTER ARRIVAL AT AN INDIAN PORT: WAITING TO BE DISTRIBUTED TO HOSPITAL WARDS.

The Turks seen have been classified according to their injuries, and are seated on their stretchers awaiting the ambulances.

With the British on the Western Fron





Where Battles Continue to Rage N





TWO SCENES OF DEVASTATION: IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

The upper illustration shows what now remains of the once flourishing Northern France village of Fleurbaix, one of the unfortunate places within the area of the wide-spreading twin battlefields of Arras and of the Scarpe. If, it may be, the immediate locality and part of the village itself has apparently not been so literally battered down as most of the ill-fated

FLEURBAIX;—THE REMAINS OF THE WALLS OF YPRES CLOTH HA

Somme and Ancre villages (which we have illustrated in previous issues), picture of war desolation. The second illustration shows the condition do Cloth Hall of Ypres. The shell of part of the exterior walls of the buildi

From Where Battles Continue to Rage Near By.

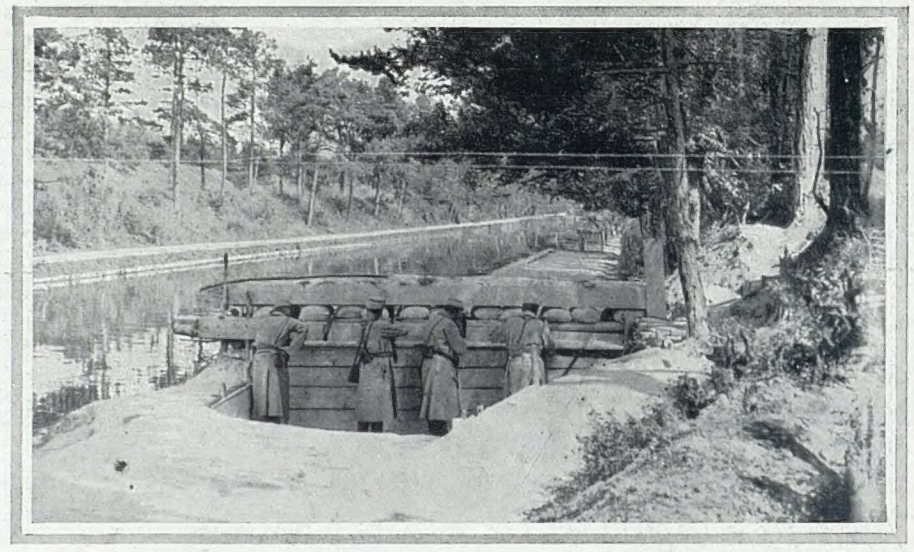




FLEURBAIX;—THE REMAINS OF THE WALLS OF YPRES CLOTH HALL.

Somme and Ancre villages (which we have illustrated in previous issues), the ruined state of Fleurbaix offers a pitiful enough picture of war desolation. The second illustration shows the condition down to a few days ago of the ruins of the historic Cloth Hall of Ypres. The shell of part of the exterior walls of the building is all that remains.—[*Official Photographs.*]

and fight on for the cause which all the great democracies of the world are fighting. It would seem illogical if Russia has had her revolution simply to give the greatest autocracy—that is, Germany—help against the newly banded array of liberal countries. For it is a certain thing that, if Russia made any kind of peace with Germany, she would by doing so release many divisions for use against the West—that is, against France, Britain, and now America. Such a step by Russia is not likely, and in any case this very aspect of the matter seems to make it illogical. Such a step would be the freeing of herself at the expense of others. General Alexeieff has taken a strong line, and speaks for the continued determination of the Army. According to a Reuter telegram from Petrograd, it is stated that "The Provisional Government has relieved General Russky from the Chief Command of the Army on the Northern Front. General Russky remains a Member of the Council of the Empire and of the War Council." With regard to that, it is well known that General Russky's health has been indifferent for a considerable time past.



ON THE FRENCH FRONT NEAR COURCY: A "CAVALIER" BARRICADE FLANKING THE AISNE AND MARNE CANAL NORTH OF RHEIMS.—[*French Official Photograph.*]



ON THE FRENCH FRONT—TAKING NOTE OF ENEMY POSITIONS FROM A TRENCH: A FRENCH GENERAL AND HIS STAFF.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

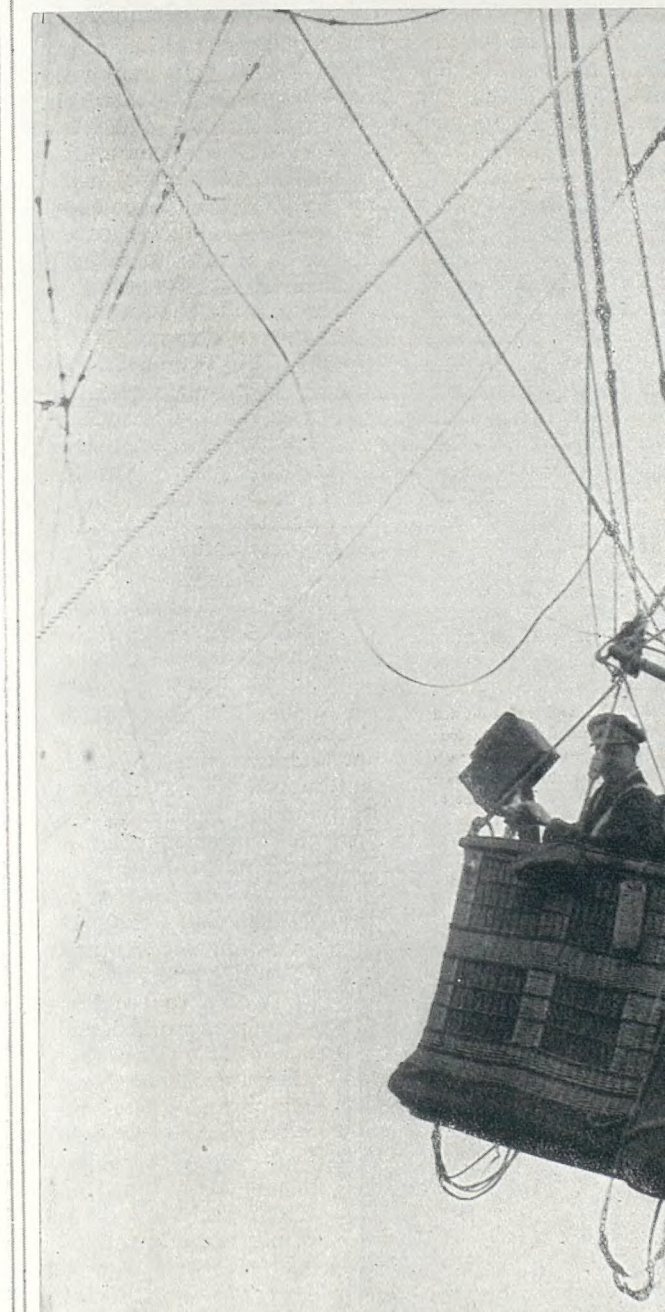
While the food situation yet continues grave, we have had some reassurance from a speech of Lord Devonport. It is still, one realises, the grain question that, more than any other, is the danger, and Lord Devonport tells us that, though we shall have to exercise extreme economy, we should be able to win our way through the difficult months that lay between ourselves and the harvest. Of meat, butter, and other substitutes there is, apparently, no very great pinch, though there is some dearth.

There is little or no news from the fronts outside the West this week. Russia is still quiet. On the Carso front there is an air of briskness, much local fighting and a certain quantity of artillery work marking the battle here. In Macedonia, on the night of May 8-9, our troops attacked from a point south-west of Lake Doiran on a front of four miles. On the left the enemy's trenches were captured on a front of two miles, to a depth of five hundred yards. On the right the Bulgar positions were stormed between the lake and the Petit Couronné, on a front of one mile, but heavy counter-attacks by the enemy, who was in superior numbers, compelled our forces to retire on this sector to their former positions. Near Ljamnitza the Venezelists, fighting in line with the French, attacked with the greatest gallantry, and took Bulgarian trenches on a front of three miles.

London; May 12, 1917.

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The Illustrated



FILM-PICTURE TAKING IN MID-AIR: A PHOTOGRAPH

Canadian War Reco